

5

Rough Trans	Bill Wheatley	DATE
1st Proof	G. Benowitz	
2nd Proof		
Final Proof		

M2265

Saturday, June 9, 1973  
Group IV, Nishamura's

Sunday, June 10, 1973  
BARN  
Lunch

Saturday, June 9, 1973. Group IV. PART I

MR. NYLAND:

"So now, we leave the music alone for a little while. We'll talk now ordinary language. It's always a question what to say. And even if I would know what to say, it's a question how to say it; because very much depends on the way one talks, or the way a voice is sounded, or what is the quality of a voice. What is needed to make it impressive, or to make it penetrate. To make it real. To make it such that it is sometimes unforgettable--unforgettable--unforgettable. What goes in to it? Ordinary vibrations? They have very little to say. They just give a little tonality. It's like in piano, there is a pedal to stop vibrations, or to make them continue. There is a touch that is a force with which a note is struck. There is, of course, a rhythm. There has to be a climax of some kind: crescendo, diminuendo. Combinations of rhythms. Different ways of how voices can get together, sometimes cacophonically, but still get together; because there is a certain unity of purpose, because they all belong, you might say, to the piano. They belong to something that one wants to say. Sometimes not very clearly. Sometimes quite stammeringly. Sometimes impossible, even, to say it; only to strike a little note <sup>myself</sup> that has a sound. Maybe it corresponds to

*That's*

to something. ~~That's~~ a piano. That's music, to some extent. It is an expression. It is a Life Force being manifested. You see we must talk about expressions of Life; because we don't talk enough about it. We talk a great deal about ordinary things. Sometimes in an ordinary voice. Sometimes in an angry voice. Sometimes wanting to convince, argumentative. All of that has no particular quality, because it has to do with a concept. And as long as we talk about concepts, we don't touch one's heart. What is needed for one's life is one's heart. You see we have no Soul. A Soul would be the solution, if it existed; or if it were acceptable, or reachable for us. Assuming for a moment that the Soul could exist; actually existing. It is of no use to us, when it is not there for me to use; or if I don't know how to reach it.

So when one talks about certain things, one wants to get out of one's brain. It's quite alright, but where do they go? They continue to exist as a vibration of the voice, or as a thought existing, thrown out somewhere. Rates of vibration, until, perhaps they die down; or continue to exist. No one knows, because one is not sensitive enough. You don't continue to hear a thought all the time. It is changed, and of course it goes over into other different kind of thoughts, and everything is connected; and one thing will lead to another, and one voice will lead to another. And one word will lead to another, and one concept goes over into another. And where are the different things which have been started, and have ended, and not continued? And I talk about, many times, about that what should affect one; and should affect one, not perhaps, permanently, but sufficiently to leave an imprint

on your life on Earth. Because you see, that is what we have to count with: our life on Earth. Two feet on the ground. A head which can think about that. Also, a feeling, Solar Plexus, deep in, sometimes, one's heart. Still, it is a human being, walking on this Earth. Being affected by the Earth. Constantly in walking, wishing to push the Earth away; but we lose balance, so we have to use the other foot to come back again. And we start again on this Earth, and that is what is the practical application of anything that we talk about, think about, feel about. That is the necessity. Any kind of religion. Any kind of philosophy. Anything that has to do with embellishment, or intriguing for the mind or the feeling. What is there in it for me, my life, the way I have to live it? The way I seem to be, as I am? Even in accepting that what I am, the way it is, without any furthur criticism. What do I do? How do I live? How will I live? How will I make my life worthwhile? How can I remain open to my life being affected by all kind of influences; which, of course, I, in my thoughts and in my feelings to some extent create, because I react to that what is outside world. And in the reaction, I become part with the outside world, as it is. And whatever that kind of a creation may mean, I still have to work with myself; because the outside world gives me an ideal. That what is happening outside of me affects me. It is translated within me in some way or other. Energy giving my impressions, my sense organs, and all of that.

I talk about a voice. What goes in-to it ? Ordinary life? What is ordinary life? Where is the division between ordinary life and extra-ordinary? Where is the limitation of a handshake, when

I really mean it, and I press it? And I press the hand of someone. I hold it a little longer. I mean something by it. I say certain things in a certain way. I weigh them down, as it were. I give them value, so that the other can ponder about why such emphasis on that little word? Because I live my life, but not by myself. I live in relation to other people. That is the greatest part of my life. I can sit and think, and I can have all kind of thoughts parade in front of me; all kind of memories; all kind of ideas; all kind of things that I don't know very much about. Things that are philosophical, things that are religious, things that seem to come from the past, if the past exists; what is the future, if that exists. I still have my life to live on this Earth with a certain configuration which I now represent as this body; because that I don't want to deny. It is my laboratory. I work with this, if I couldn't work with this, I wouldn't be alive.

And so the first sign of my Life is that I exist. And that, of course, then, I think about it. There must be an aim, because why should I have to live, if I believe that-- the-- Life is eternal? Unending? That it is omnipresent? ~~That~~ <sup>That</sup> it is omnipresent like any other thing? I say even God is omnipresent, and I don't know what it means; where it is at what time, or no time. Timelessness, I say? Eternity, as timeless? Such concepts of course, I don't know much about; only I can think about them. I can have them in my mind. I can say it is nice to know that maybe timelessness exists. It is nice to know that God says that He is omnipotent. It is wonderful to know that. And even,

I say, I can believe it; because I have nothing to say about it, and I cannot say I don't believe it. I have no reason not to believe it. So I say of course I believe in it, but what is the meaning?

What's the meaning for me tomorrow morning, when I get up out of bed, when I dress? Gurdjieff talks a little about it, you know. Brushing your hair with a brush, and it goes into a mirror, and it breaks the mirror, and you say 'Damn it'. That is still life. Life is a representation of relationships between us. If I read Emerson, and I know what it is about self-reliance, or even a chapter on religion, or anything that is in his essays; and I say, 'Yes, now I read his other book, Conduct of Life'. Then I read a few more essays, and I say, 'It is wonderful, such a man'. What do I know about the man? How much was he affected by his own thoughts? What am I doing with such thoughts? I take them in. I admire them. I stand, sometimes, in awe; with a beautiful construction, combination of words, lovely sentences. And I say, 'How lovely, and how beautiful'. And then, the thought, what? Is it helpful, coming in-between? I have to reach for it, because it's my duty, to answer the telephone; someone, apparently wants to talk to me. And they have telephoned, and it is public, so I must answer it. So I stop my train of thoughts, and I say, 'Hello'. And sometimes I say, Hmmm..., who is it this time that disturbs me? That's what I say inside. Who knows-- who doesn't know-- that I'm busy? That I'm thinking, very, very deeply. That I'm really philosophically inclined; I want to get to the depth of things. I want to find out, what is really God? I was just thinking about Him. And now comes a little telephone from someone. I have to

answer it, and I have to say, 'Good morning'. I have to say, 'Oh, yes, and what is it?'. And then I'm here. Someone had an automobile accident. And she was killed. I said, 'God. What for?'. I knew her quite well. She belonged to the Boston Group some years ago. I remember her. I remember she got married. I remember, also, she had two children. And there she was, in a car, coming back from New York. And the road was a little slippery. Taconic Parkway. And there are curves there. She couldn't make it. She slid off. She hit one tree, then another, then on the side where she sat, another tree, that killed her. Not the children. I said, 'My God.'. So near, now. So terrible. What for? Of course I think of life. I think, I say, 'Yes, it continues'. 'Surely', I say, 'That body, that has died, but the Life, then, was free. It can continue'. I say, 'Kesdjanian'? Who knows what kind of body? I don't know. I hope. I say, 'Yes, I believe in that'. I hope it must exist, but I have no proof. I have no experience, because I didn't die.

And someone else has an accident, unfortunately. A wall gives way, and his shoulder breaks. Someone else has an other accident. Again with a car. Off the road, unfortunately. Falling asleep, because of tiredness. Not being able to control anymore, and there goes the car, and turns over, and thank God, he is thrown clear; but bruised, injured. To the hospital. Do you remember, some time ago, Georgie? You remember many things take place this week; very bad, very difficult, very. How much? What is this world? What is it doing to us? Why are all these kind of things coming so close? Why is it that we have to suffer with it? Why can't it pass by? Why can't someone else die?

I remember when my brother died, (\*). How many other people are there I considered worthless, compared to him; of course I loved him. He was, really, marvelous, intelligent. He died, twenty-five years old, also accident. Run over, by the-- the-- train. Also that. I say again, and I look at my life, and I see in my life, many times such things. Why do they happen? Why do they happen now? Now, maybe, in more concentration; because all kind of things happen in the outside world? Stupidities, Hypocrisies. Watergate. All kind of other things, also happening, including earthquakes. Who's making it, all of this? Is this a result of unconscious living on this Earth? A result of the Earth being where it is? Is this a form of training, or a school-ing for the Earth; or a growing up of this Earth, to become a real planet? And we, with it, as organic kingdom, representing life on this Earth, and belonging to it; and, of course, are shaken up when something happens on this Earth with any one of us, particularly when the ties are a little close. And one does not know. And one can say, 'Oh yes, God'. It has no meaning what-so-ever, even if I say I leave it all to Him. Down in my heart I say, still I say, 'What for?'. I want understanding for myself, for my little world, for that what I am. I cannot be fed all the time by the things around me, and the explainations of everything that is around me; the rest of the Universe, and how it functions, what takes place, and what I will go into when I die, and die, maybe, seventy times seven deaths. Or maybe simultaneously die to all kind of possibilities of myself. And then enter into what? For what? And when, and how? And to what extent can I then be Conscious about such things?

I look at myself. I said, 'Yes, my feet are still on the ground'. And my thoughts are still alittle bit pure. They are shaken up, and I don't want anything, really, to happen to me, because I must take care of my vitamins; and I take care that my health is alright, and that I'm not stupid. And I say, 'And what, this, now; relation with who, where?'.

As a group we talk, don't you know? We talk about Work. And all these other kind of things go on around us, and they detract us, of course they do. Even any kind of reading of Emerson will distract you, because it is in your mind. You say, 'It's lovely', and there is no translation. No pragmatic values. Not anything that tells you; You do this, and do that; because, it is selective. I can select a few friends with whom I can be very nice and reasonable. I can do almost anything, when I have the choice. I can do whatever I wish and avoid all kind of difficulties, when I wish to; or I have a little money, or I'm clever. I don't have to do all the damn things that are given to me. I don't have to eat all of it. Of course I can avoid it. And when I'm a little tired, of couse I can fall asleep a little bit, and forget it; and when I wake up, I do the things I like to do. But that's not life, you know? Sometimes I prefer the Sun to continue. I wish they were at the North Pole, six months light. Wouldn't that be just marvelous, but how would I pay for it, my six months in darkness?

And life is like that. My life, everybody else's life is like that. Nothing is hundred percent that kind of pure. So, this purity, I want to look for it. I want it, without any doubt. I want understanding. I don't want knowledge. Knowledge is not

enough; just a little bit of imprints on a piece of paper that I read, and get into my brain, and satisfy me as far as a little philosophy is concerned; or some kind of a theory in which I am supposed to believe. And of course I can say sure, I can believe in it, but where does it buy me any bread? Where is it when I want to shake hands with a friend, and shake hands with an enemy? <sup>to</sup> And have ~~two-faced~~ things I don't want to do? And when I get to hot during the day, and still, I have to work? I have to do something, because, apparently, the heat doesn't know that I'm hot.

I meet with different people. I say I want my feet on the ground. I don't want, particularly, detours. I want to find out the all of me. What is all of me, in any kind of condition? What this life is as meaning, in everything of me, not selective; not taking a little bit here and a little bit there. All the molecules. All the atoms. All the elements in my body. Every cell. Everything that happens, as a form of Life. I want to become Aware of the existence of such Life, in any kind of forms of behaviour; in any kind of desire I have; in any kind of a thought or a feeling I have. Never mind how I'm conditioned. I am still that kind of a man, living on this Earth, affected by this Earth, affected by other people. Hating them sometimes; sometimes loving them. Sometimes wishing to love; not to be received, not to be even listened to. I say, sometimes, what are we doing at this Barn? What is it, because of inflation, and because of other things that make it very, very difficult, that maybe we forget, a little bit, about Work. Is there still desire to Work? With all the interests we have; all the different things that come up, and of course are intriguing; and one ought

to spend the time, to some extent at least. Where is Gurdjieff?

I ask sometimes, where is Gurdjieff among us? What are we trying to do? How often are you reminded? How often do you wish to Work? How often, contrary to that, do you want to be engaged in something that's a little easier, because it is not so demanding; because if you cannot do it, you say you cannot do it? Gurdjieff doesn't take that, you know. He says even if you can not do it, you do it, just the same; but I hope that something can take place while you are grinding your nose on the wheel, when there is something that goes against the grain, because that will give you the friction. God is not going to give it. The conditions are on this Earth; because one says the Earth is asleep; the Earth happens to be in a difficult period of FA, belonging to a Ray of Creation, and has to Work for a living also. And I think it's good, thank God. Also, God Works for a living? What is God then, a person? Or a totality of all things? Or does God Work because we have to Work? And is there that part of life, representing God, Working on oneself as totality; existing of all kind of forms existing, everywhere and always existing, because Life exists everywhere and always in Eternity? And it starts to grow a little within one, and say, but; what good is it to me now?

I drive in a nail with a hammer. I'm too dreamy, maybe. I'm thinking too much about the Universe, and I hit my finger. Of course I can cry. I can swear. I can blame the hammer. I can also blame me; stupid. What is it of me that I see? What is it that I wish to see? What is it I don't wish to see? About what am I ashamed? Can I, at certain times, shut up? Can I talk about Work

in the right way, instead of babbling about all kind of non-sense, and making a lot of noise, and going my own way, and doing my thing, and not paying any attention to myself? Why is Gurdjieff so intriguing, in telling us that Objectivity is needed when you wish to go to a realm where there is Objectivity? And a simple definition of Objectivity is; it is not the subjectivity any longer. So that is just a very simple definition when we live on this Earth, we call that subjective, that's all. And time, as we know it,<sup>we call it</sup>, a 'unique' subjectivity. And so not wishing that, because all wish for Work on oneself must stem from one realization, that I'm not as yet where I, perhaps, could go. I say evolution. It means for me a continued attempt. It means also a continued opening of Awareness. It may mean, that that what I do is not what I do in motion; but that, gradually, different things are opened to me, and I call that progress of my spiritual existence. Trying to see more and more of what really is and shedding the ideas of what becomes more and more unreal, and gradually, I must use that word gradual, because we breathe gradually, I don't take all my breath simultaneously, with all other breaths of my life, there is a continued way of living on this Earth. I can read about simultaneity, but I'm not representing that in my life, because there is a certain 'life time', I even call it. So I'm not living, even, simultaneously with my Self; so how can I understand Simultaneity? Only in my actions regarding to something else that is not me. Then, that can be simultaneous. But within myself, all processes take place at the same time of a certain kind. And all processes continue to take

place also in accordance with the necessity of that process. And that that process is--use-- by using the word evolution; meaning by that, giving me more insight, more ability, more understanding, more--know-- knowledge, about how I should live.

You see, because Work on oneself, I say, yes, at one moment, I have a flash of insight. That is me. I admit it. I accept it. It happens to be taking place at the time when it does actually happen. Instantaneously, alright. But is that all? Work continues with forms of behaviour, to extend that if we can, that moment; not to live in that moment, just in the little moment. What is that? A flash in the pan, just a little bit of lightning in the sky, and thunder. And, of course, it can create that kind of a condition for myself. But I have my life to live. I see my body. Do you think that I stop by just observing my body? I learn what is meant by having something I call Objective, I say, out of this world, of another kind of level. Sometimes I can say a different kind of reality, alright, a different kind of realm, different level of Being. But that I am striving towards. And for that reason I wish <sup>ed</sup>it could teach me. And it is then I ask, even I ask God, to help me, to give life in that what I try to create; or at least I could imagine it to be; and then that 'I', talking to me, giving me information, just one moment, to tell me that I exist? Do you think that's the end? Of course not. 'I' becomes interested more and more in the continuation of that what is my existence as behaviour form, as my body is behaving, minute after minute, but I hope, moment after moment; or moments expanded, and not only the physical body. That's only to learn

for this 'I' to grow up, and at least to be able, as an Objective Faculty, to function. But then it will have to start with the fundamental issues; because my life is represented, definitely, in potentiality as my feeling, my emotions, the beginning of a Conscience, we talk about that many times, not just Consciousness.

Consciousness is just a little light on the path. I have to walk. I have to be propelled. I have to be compelled. That's my Kesdjanian Body. And then when I say yes, I must with this mind also. Consciousness I have to learn, somehow or other. How can this 'I' be Impartial to my feelings, to my emotions? How can it become Impartial to my mind, and still remain free from associations?

Don't think that Work stops by just a little flash in the pan, just a little indication of your existence, and even your acceptance. That's a beginning of your Work. Your Work has to be with you when you are unconscious, when an 'I' is as a Conscious Entity, present to tell you about different worlds. To tell you about your Inner Life. To become Aware, with your Inner Life, of that what is really Life, so that that what is the outside forms of behaviour, which, of course, change as cells going to the outside, changing, gradually, in seven years renewal. Everything is renewed in that time. But not my Inner Life, and that is not developed. And that has to grow. That has to develop in such a way, I say like a body. I talked about a Kesdjanian Body. That is the easiest way to represent it, as having attributes, qualities; qualities of insight; qualities of judgment of that what is right and wrong; qualities of energy dispensing in the direct way, in the correct way.

In a way where there is no waste. In a way where there is constantly contact, if it can be kept, with my 'I', through my 'I', to my Magnetic Center, which is then, at that time, completely free from any kind of relationship; any kind of, senses, as we know it; any kind of thought; any kind of feeling; any kind of dimension in space; any kind of dimension in time; because that would be freedom. And the accent for Gurdjieff is freedom. Wishing to understand one's Life, one's Inner Life, to set it free; so that then it can function; so that then it has an aim. Wishing for more understanding, maybe, at a certain level of Being; or more understanding of That what is now, but is not as yet known; not even by experience; not even accidentally; not even by means of intuition. I am dumb. I'm an ordinary, human kind of a creature filled with nonsense. Educational nonsense. Things that I believe in, of course, which are not true, but I've taken on; because what else would I do? I was exposed to it. I was a piece of paper, and people, and the rest of the world around me, they printed on me. I couldn't get away from it. How could I, in my unconscious state? Sometimes I can rebel. I say don't print on me now. Wait a little bit. If you do print, print in beautiful blue ink, or gold if you like, but not this ordinary stuff. Sure, I know that for myself. I want to live a life that is worthwhile. I want to dig into books that are worthwhile. Classical literature. I want to listen to music which is worthwhile. I want to be engaged in science which is worthwhile. All that I know. It is unconscious.

Then comes Gurdjieff, and he opens the door to something

that is not subjective. And he does not tell me how heaven looks, and what it is there. I said it last time, it is not a description of the streets of gold. It's not a description of the creatures. It does not even talk about angels. Fortunately, it talks about me, because I am that unfortunate slug that lives on this Earth and does not know; but has a little sense that it ought to know, for some reason or other. Why that is I don't know; because I happen to live that way? Because my thoughts happen to go in that direction? Because I have dreams about that possibility of myself? I do not know what it is. All of a sudden, at a certain time, I find myself with interest in me in relation to the Hereafter. I try to find out what it is to die. If dying is the continuation of being able to live, I want to live now, then, in such a way that it is an entrance into a new world which then opens up. And which again, I say, I hope that that what is now dimensions of time and space may be different. Maybe not, I do not know that, either; because who is there to tell me? Someone from the outside world, through a medium, to tell me about that what is there? Having the trouble of translating it into terminology, that it becomes understandable for me? And how much do I know how much is suffered, because of that kind of a translation or conversion of certain ideas which do not exist in words; to be put into words of a certain kind, so that I can understand them? And of course I'm prejudice, because I have been brought up in certain ways; partly satisfactory; partly satisfied in the way I've been thinking and feeling. And, for a great deal, not satisfied; because the questions still come up, for myself, to

behave how? And to know what to say, and when, and in what tone? And to be able to help someone; to be able to let myself be helped. Do I have ideas of what is needed for someone else, so that I can do something about it; or, as we say sometimes, create conditions so that the other can actually grow up? How can I communicate to them that what is really engaging me, in such words that they can understand? Like a prescription: you do this, you do that; you put two and two together, if you do that, it may become a 2x4. And maybe it becomes a structure for your Kesdjanian Body. And maybe it needs a roof. And maybe someone has to live in it. And what will live in it? You, your Life. Build it then. And go ahead and build it now, and don't wait. Don't wait for any more information which--put me-- put in your brain.

Where is my ability to live? It is that ability I talk about. It is the expression of my Life. It's the way I am, day after day, in relation to other people. The way I judge them. The way I have any form of criticism; any kind of like, dislike, whatever, I say that I think about them, and I have, of course, a perfect right to say that, because I say it, because I feel it, I think it. And I justify myself in doing it that way.

I said, last week, you remember? I asked you not to gossip. And then, what will you talk about, when it isn't gossip? Have you found out how much time you did spend in idle talk? And how much time you did not spend in really building up your Soul? Trying to make a Soul, like a wall, brick by brick, day by day, whenever you happen to think about it, as Work? No, I'm afraid

you're a little bit distracted, a little bit off the road sometimes. You know? Sometimes, I say, you get a little bit shipwrecked. It's difficult to come back again, because it is intriguing to go in another way a little bit where you don't have to Work. Work is difficult. Work is very serious. Work means I want to find the truth about myself; in darkness or in light. Totally I wish myself. It is not a question of determining how many different facets I have, and how many lives I can live. It's all interesting. I cannot, as yet, see it in any way whatsoever, as important for my daily bread. 'Give us this day our daily bread'. That is a request. That means for me, give me today that what is needed for me to Wake Up; that bread that then will give food to my 'I'. My wish to create that, in order to understand myself as I am; behaving as I am; accepting as I am. To try to continue this Awareness while I talk; while I walk; while I talk to others; while I sit and think, and philosophize. While I do all kind of things of daily necessity in this life: opening a door; getting in a car; driving; going to a store; going to the bank; standing in line, waiting, waiting. But do I Work, as we call it, just Work? Do I even think about it? Do I want to think about it? Do I want that to have an influence on me? Of course not, when I want to think about something else that's a little bit more enjoyable.

This is what I mean. Keep on Working. I don't care how much enjoyment you get out of anything you do. Naturally, you should be joyful. But joy there is, also, when you discover what you really are, and when there is truth in it, that you say, 'But I have not left anything undone. I have not covered myself up. I have

honestly wished to see that what I am, because that will help me in my behaviour towards other people'. Then I will know what to say, because I see myself sufficiently. There is a control of my behaviour. I need not fly off the handle. I don't have to get angry. I don't have to remain selfish. I can select what is right, also for others. I can do this and that, and be stimulated. But the translation is in my feet, not in my head; not even in my heart. It is in the way I am walking that all such things should become apparent.

How do I help people? By Being. We Work. We can assume that, at times, we wish. You work with a little group. A few people. You are concerned. You would like them to Wake Up as much as they can. It's reasonable, because Waking Up, as your own experience, has a meaning, and it is of value. You would like someone else. How can you tell them? By simply saying, 'Wake Up, Wake Up.'? It won't work, because they will resent it. How will you get past the resentment? How will you still be able to help, if that is it? How can you make known that you are Working, and that you wish the other to Work? A very simple, little bit of a thing. We call it a Legominism, in your behaviour. Just a little bit of a different thing, which may be noticed by the other. Maybe, if he knows such symbols; maybe if he is--sensita--sensitive enough, he can see that little symbolism. It might remind him. Maybe that will help. And if it doesn't, forget it. Just forget it. Just keep on working yourself. Maybe the person you were working with was not in that kind of a state, and it may not create any rebelliousness when it is just a little legominism. It can

be passed by. It means I wish to Be. And when 'I Am', I wished that someone considers my 'Am-ness", and then, is reminded of Being, for himself. Then, there is joy in heaven.

- all right, Bob -"

END OF SIDE ONE OF TAPE.

MR. NYLAND:

" It is that way that I would like to remind you of Work. I've said many times, all I can do is to remind you. And then, for you, if there is a little spark, and you need it; that is, you need a little fire. Maybe you have enough fuel, if you really need it; if you really wish it. And is your wish based on, not what I'm saying, and not what Gurdjieff is saying; but of the actual condition, in truth, of yourself, as you are? Including all your interests; all the times you spend your energy, in whatever way , that you consider that. That you consider the times of idle talk; of so-called joyful arguments. They don't mean very much, you know. It's an expenditure of time, and they don't leave any particular mark than only what you want to say, and the other isn't even listening to it.

I think that when one talks about this kind of Work; these kind of ideas from the 'I', which come down to Earth; there has to be something in one's voice of respect. There has to be a kind of a level, at that time. It's not for nothing that the churches were built, even if they were only used on a Sunday. But then, in the church, you enter. Of course, maybe it's conditioning; and, at the same time, Chartres has a certain atmosphere.

The cathedral of Cologne, the dome, is something quite unusual.

Notre Dame is just beautiful, for it's silence. In Nature, many things of ~~uncarved~~ <sup>un-Carved</sup> wood resemble these kind of religious ideas put in certain forms, with which one is familiar, and about which one becomes, every once in a while, a little sentimentel. What is touched within you? What is the reality when you read Gurdjieff, and you see it; what it is you? On every page, I've said; to find out your life. Your life in your feet, I say, not in your feeling or thoughts. They will come, of course, they propel you. In unconsciousness, of course, but in Conscience, conscientiousness, into Conscience for yourself; that what is real, more real at least, for you. And that what has to be developed, or what has to be opened up, what has to become known to you.

When you wish to Work, I ask you, find out from any kind of religion, philosophy; any kind of statements, even at the present time, I say; any kind of book published. Where is that what you find in Gurdjieff? Where is it, in any one book now available? And you study it, because it is necessary. You have to find out, because if there is something else, like maybe Eckankar, or so, that we don't know, that we don't know enough about; maybe we should-- we should-- find out, after all, Gurdjieff can give an indication of the way; it does not mean that he knows everything, although he may say it, I still will want to believe it? but if it comes to a point where I say, 'I cannot', what do I believe? My life; my own thoughts; my limitations; that what is my own experience, by the Grace of God, giving to me wisdom, to the extent, maybe, that I can stand it; digest it; be grateful for

it in prayer, asking for more. For more insight; more wish to Work; more of that what is the reality of within my Inner Life; more wish for the development of my Kestdjanian Body into a full grown entity, which then can be of help in relation to the building of my Soul, and in the completeness of that what is necessary for my physical body. Of course it is that kind of a scaffold. Also, after some time, it's not needed anymore. When the Soul exists, then even the Law of Three has become One, for one moment. The Law of Three in time, has become One. The Law of Three in dimensions, has become One. And immediately, with the continuation of Life existing, it was again changed into three, on a different level. That is how the situation goes as far as forces are concerned. Those are revelations of life on new levels, existing; because at the time when the three goes into one, at the same time, the one goes over into three. This is how God created the World, out of that what's the Sun Absolute, the first three as component parts, sending that on their way as waves like, all the time, anything thought, anything felt is sent out by one. By ourselves, by our little world; the way we are, because, after all, that's what counts. Our life for oneself counts, not even someone else. I have no interest whatsoever in how anything even was created, until I find out myself that I happen to be this. And I have to have that kind of affirmation of accepting myself, whatever it is , and then I can Work with it.

Sometimes it's difficult to distinguish Gurdjieff; where it is that he goes. When I say, 'Where is Work among us?', because of all kind of conditions, outside life conditions, when outer

life, not enough emphasis of Inner Life. We forget, maybe? If we do, I ask you don't. There are enough events now that could remind you, ~~that~~<sup>that</sup> could help you. It doesn't mean that one is all the time conscious and conscientious, but one has with it all the time a chance that whenever it happens to turn in that direction, that you are reminded of that that is of Work; and not be reminded of the structure of the Universe.

I am not critical. Don't think that. But I place the accent where it belongs. That's on myself. I have my life to live. I have to get out of my unconscious states, because I know I am asleep. I know that I am asleep, because I know what it is to have the experience of being really Awake. That for me is the reality. My sleep as I am during the day, of course, I can consider that as a certain way of behaving; as a certain way of expressing life. But I know something else, because I've had a taste of what it is; Awareness, of an 'I' present, of God telling me, sometimes a voice within my Conscience. And I know it, and I say, 'That is for me'; because that is the shortest way between the Earth and Heaven. I'm not looking for detours. I'm perfectly willing to be educated as I go along; as I get to different levels of understanding; as that is disclosed to me. And I see then that maybe it happened at the same time I'm happening to live now. I'm not interested. I say I'm interested in my feet, not in my feeling, not in my mind. They take care of themselves, because they still have a Life Force within them that can be kindled. But in my feet, I have to do something to keep my life alive. That's why I use it as an object for observation. In order to bring it back again into the circle of my living. That is what Work does,

it brings my body to the proper place. It gives my body a chance to understand it's own function, for whatever it has been created on this Earth; and not simply assume that it can be more. It has to become, for me, a servant; so that then that what has to be executed for a further understanding of myself, in consciousness and in conscience; that there is something that can take over the execution, that is, my Will, which then can be formed, or attended to, by my body; that I can control it; that 'I' controls it; that 'I' uses this body to make the three-foldness of myself: that what is then in completeness of that what is willing to fit into that eternal triangle of myself, which I wish <sup>ed</sup> at the end of my physical life actually could exist. And for which, of course, I strive all-- with all-- the fervor and the wish I can now command, so that I then can face my physical death, in a certain way of saying: 'I've tried this and that, in honesty, in sincerity. I've Worked. I've worked my head off. I've worked so that my hands show callouses. I've worked with my feet, keeping at it, and at it, and at it.' And maybe, at times, I have an insight that it was right. And maybe many times I was deviated with all kind of what they call 'ehrlicher': those things that, you know, when you have a swamp, and there is a little light; it is carbon monoxide that is burning, but it sends you a little bit in the wrong direction, because it looks so nice and lovely. You remember 'ehrökönig'\* <sup>erkenntlich</sup> maybe. That's a piece of music; that is what it is, a description of that. It makes you a little bit 'doped', and you get lost. And I wish that that what need not get lost, and should not get lost, and should always be with you, <sup>is</sup> a wish for an

attempt to reach reality by way of Objectivity; because when that is there as an Objective Faculty functioning, all things will be added unto me.

I don't worry too much about how God looks, and what kind of lines He has on His face. I know one thing; within myself, what I call Magnetic Center, that is my God, which cries through my Conscience to be set free. And when I take that responsibility, I return time and time to that what is essentially Essence. And I sit quietly in meditation, and ask the questions, and wish, then, to be fed. I am fed, at times. It is all my own, thank God. It belongs to me. That has been given, because it would be utterly idiotic if that what is given to a man is not sufficient for him to become perfect. That would be a parody on Life itself. Only one must know that Work exists, and one must know how to Work. And one must have a willingness to find out what is the truth about this world of mine, in which I live and have my being.

Drink to Gurdjieff. We owe him a great deal.

And so, Good Night, and have a good Sunday tomorrow."

MR. NYLAND

Sunday, June 10, 1973

BARN

Lunch

MR. NYLAND:

" Before we go over into the main topic of this lunch, just one remark, that after lunch, volunteers are needed for the barn we are taking down. And please report to Frank, to see that we get a large group together, as we have done before, twenty-five or thirty people, who can go over there so that maybe we can finish it today. And that's all, isn't it, Frank? O.K.?"

Now, I would like you to drink to the future of Tina and Mike. As you drink, visualize their whole life, you might say from beginning, to end. You can take certain sections out of it when you, perhaps, are familiar more and more with what they might be. But I think it is necessary to see it as a continuum; a totality, like a marriage should be.- But you must drink, because it's to your future-.

Today must be a happy day. When we talk about Work we--we-- come a little bit 'down and out', looking at the reasons why we should Work, and the motivation; because we are not as yet what we ought to be. But in the --section-- in the-- in an idea of growing up, there is always that kind of youth, expecting something that is not as yet, and for which one has a wish. With a marriage, it's a beginning in joy. And when you later on, at the reception and so forth, try to see that you are like a family.

In Europe, you know, there are customs that are still in

existence, and which are not, as yet, sufficiently implanted into America, even if we have lived here long enough, and certain sections, perhaps, have it; But that what is in Europe is ingrained. It is like racial characteristics of different countries. Whenever there is a festivity, maybe a birthday, wedding, or even the solemnity of someone dying, it always becomes a family affair. Every person comes together with a very definite aim to see what this family is really experiencing, good or bad, sympathetic; to see what can be, if necessary, helpful; at the same time sharing. And so, when it is a wedding, you share that what is really at the foundation of all of it: a very definite wish that life can be made beautiful, and lovely, and happy. And when you get there, simply, it's not a question of drinking a little bit and talk, talk. It's a question of yourself. Being for yourself with your Inner Life. Seeing that what might be a development of your Inner Life in the presence of others, and in relation to a family, which you then consider as part of a whole of something that exists; which is like a body existing like a group now, of which the different members are all part and functioning in certain ways, not always equal to each other; simply, some supporting, some taking initiative, some having thoughts and feelings, some having a clear picture of what is involved; but totally producing an atmosphere. You see, it's that kind of atmosphere that can start a marriage, or can help it; because it can kindle that what is already there. And it should receive, as much as possible, that kind of influence from others who are friends, and come to wish them well; to see that they are setting out on the

right course, and hoping for them, that that what they have made as a decision actually is going to be actualized in their life; Because those are the wishes that one should have for one. Here we are, I say, Tina, here, and Mike. And I wish you well, because I want your life really to be a life of understanding. And whatever there is that one can do towards such understanding, to see first the two, to see what they wish, what they want to do; because marriage is different from just living together. Living together is just something that happens, and marriage is something you make. When it is a marriage of Inner Life, it is made in Heaven. That is the way one ought to look at a marriage, of something that is much more permanent than an ordinary affair, that simply leaves when everything cools off. When, in marriage, there is a chance of cooling off, there has to be a definite desire to keep the fire going. One has to produce fuel. One has to produce conditions. One has to produce a surrounding. One has to produce an atmosphere. One has to take in, from the past, what was, and extract from it what, at the present time, may have been forgotten. And again, and again, basing it on that, ~~that~~ one says, 'Yes, we are here, if it is a difficult.'. Of course it's difficult, because people come from different surroundings. They cannot adapt themselves that easily, and maybe several years are necessary for smoothing out certain difficulties; but there is an aim, and that is what one should keep in mind; an aim for oneself. That is why I said when you drink, drink to the end of their lives, whatever that end may be, as a preparation, maybe, for other lives hereafter, or lives, I've said yesterday, simultaneously. We do not know enough. We

know this: that we are now walking on this Earth, and it behooves us to find out the reasons for having been born, and having an aim. This aim in marriage is to be able to live together, to join, sometimes it's said to 'join by the Lord'; but whatever one's Inner Life is that it makes itself adapted to that what is required in the understanding of what is necessary for the other person. And then helping to create, to the bitter end, sometimes full of difficulties, and suffering; but never losing track of that aim of wishing to be together for a definite aim for oneself, as well as for the two; because it has to become more, and more, a relationship of a three-foldness; joining together in three centers, and for which one must make attempts, because sometimes one or another center crowds out the third. It has to be a three-foldness of a man when he wishes to marry a woman; and for a woman to be expectant that that what is a man will be a man for her, so that she can become a woman. That is the purpose of a marriage. It's not a question of children. Children are, of course, procreative. It's quite alright, naturally, it is very useful to have them as a ~~neutralizing~~ force, and even to say, yes, now they are legalized; but the real reason for working together in a marriage is quite a different thing. One sees oneself in aspects of oneself in which, in three centers, Inner Life must become apparent, in every one of the three. Not just in your emotional center. I would almost say that is logical, and it is quite easy. But where is Inner Life in your mind? What are the kind of thoughts that you wish to entertain? What is it that you think about which is good for someone else? To what extent can you talk with your mind in such a way that there is conveyed this kind of

a desire of wanting understanding, clarity, help of the mind; and to be able to exchange then, and almost, sometimes, to fight to the bitter end until an argument has been settled, and there is an acknowledgement that one knows what the other person is thinking about; I say, many times, without having to agree on the same thing. That one is intended to work for oneself in working, sometimes, against each other in any kind of a argument, but coming to a conclusion of clarity. The mind wishes that clarity, because that is the only way by which the atmosphere for a mind starts to grow up; that is, that when that atmosphere is there, the mind is free. It can then develop. The mind has to be freed from associations. It has to be freed from all kind of thought forms which are now in existence; and by the introduction of the quality of an Inner Life, the mind will start to change. It becomes more facile; will be able to move around more; will be quick in an understanding; will also be under control to know what one should say at a certain time, and not say at another time. To hold your mouth. To keep going, and at the same time have a thought which will help to clarify, so the next moment you can find the right word, not a word in anger; not a word in stamping your feet and walking out of the door. Not to get angry and let it simmer, just to find what to do at the right time, with the right word, to straighten out any kind of a difficulty there might have been; so that the argument is finished, as far as the energy is concerned, for the wish to talk, and has resulted in an understanding, of knowing, how one thinks and how one mind comes to one conclusion, and the other mind to another conclusion; but appreciative of that what is seriousness and honesty in a mental capacity.

With all of that, the joy in one's heart, the wish as a family, to help, to bind yourself, to some extent, even, to say whatever now, in the future, there might be. To what extent I can be of help, count on me, because we are a family; we want to work together as a group. We have something to talk about. We have this, what I say, is one's Inner Life among people in relationships, and becomes apparent when you want to extend that to two of them, who now say, 'We join. We want to become one. We want to understand ourselves. We want to understand, ultimately, the Universe'. Maybe we even are so ambitious ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> we want to understand the love of God. Whichever way that will go, the hope is there, and the expectancy; the wish on the part of us to help them, to set them on the right road, if that is needed; or at least to help them to stay on that road. And not to interfere; not to wish to tell what they ought to do. But simply by creating an atmosphere around them, that they, then, be reminded, every once in a while, of the sincerity of ourselves for them, wishing them that ~~which~~ <sup>what</sup> is right, that what ought to be; that what will come, and will become becoming to them as two people in the process of fusing together.

It is a wonderful thing, if you can see that as something that is really setting out, making an attempt, to create the condition for that, and to help them in an understanding that whatever may come, that nothing is going to be too much, even in the future, to help and to continue; not to lose your friendship. That there is something very much worthwhile that you wish to give, and when you are there it comes out in joy. It comes out in the

wish to be together, in which, when you are as a group, you forget about your own disagreements with each other, between each other; sometimes extended to those who are in marriage, because that is now the past, which we don't want to rake up anymore. We want to help them to start on a new level; a new beginning; a new period, a new period of another seven years. The beginning was tumultuous, it was not easy. But now, we want them to profit, to take profit; to take in, from the investment, an interest, which then is ploughed back again into the second period of seven years; so as to yield, in the third period, sufficient fruit that they can consume together. That is really what I would wish. I hope today will be a beautiful day for them; that they will not forget it; that they will remember a group, it's a large group, over a hundred people here, a hundred and fifty. What tremendous force it can be, if all of you could understand that in such well-wishing, and forgetting about your own selfish desires; or even what may be, to some extent, a wish for yourself forming more, and more, a little bit of jealousy. Just give all you can to whatever you think is right for them, and help them to maintain between themselves that what is most essential. We call it love. We call it understanding, sharing, caring, wishing well. We sometimes call it strength~~h~~ between the two. Sometimes it's called trust between two people wanting to ~~except~~ <sup>accept</sup> each other, for whatever they are. And taking whatever there is so that, then, one knows once and for all: this is it, and now we work with that kind of automatism, in the beginning. Gradually making out of it Conscious efforts, and building more, and more, this whole question of Conscience of a relationship. It's very important.

I drink again to them. May God Bless them.

And so, Peter, will you play a little?"

MR. NYLAND

END OF TAPE.

Transcribed: Bill Wheatley

Proof: *AB*